

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII SEPTEMBER, 1904 No. 5

UNPUBLISHED CHAPTERS OF HISTORY

## MEMORIES OF THE BEGINNING AND END OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

BY

LOUISE WIGFALL WRIGHT

DAUGHTER OF LOUIS T. WIGFALL, SENATOR FROM TEXAS TO UNITED STATES SENATE,  
LATER SENATOR FROM TEXAS TO CONFEDERATE STATES SENATE, ON THE  
STAFF OF PRESIDENT DAVIS, AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH, AND WITH CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHS

**B**Y March, 1861, the Provisional Government of the Confederate States was already established in Montgomery, Alabama. The Southern people were still hoping for a peaceful solution of their difficulties by the evacuation of Fort Sumter. In anticipation of leaving Washington, and in view of the uncertainty of their movements, my parents had sent my sister and myself, children of eight and fourteen years of age, to remain temporarily with my maternal grandmother at Longwood, a suburb of Boston. My father writes at this time in a letter to my brother at school: "Political matters are in *statu quo, ante bellum*. The war has not yet begun, but I believe it will before *the end of summer*, though the general impression here is that we will have peace."

During the winter, Texas not having seceded, my father had stood at bay in the Senate: almost alone, surrounded by enemies, the champion of the South; he had refused to give up his seat until his state had

passed the ordinance of secession. Then, at length, as they had expected, my parents had to leave Washington.

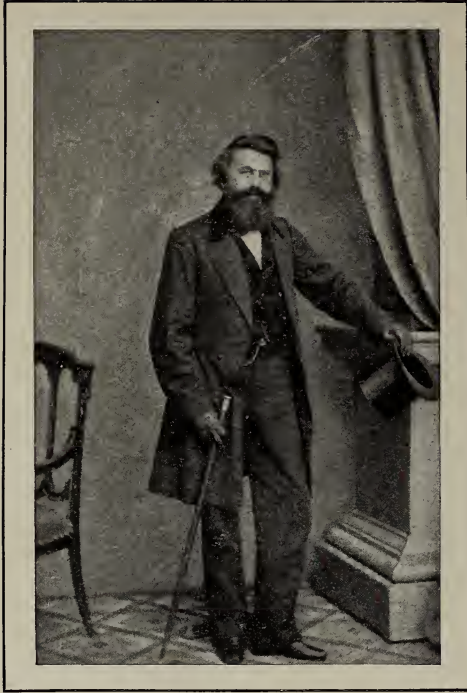
My mother wrote me from Charleston:

"Tuesday, April 2, 1861.

We arrived here yesterday morning and I find very little change in the appearance of things since we were here eighteen months ago. You meet a good many soldiers, but that is about the only difference. The people are all *strongly in hopes that Fort Sumter will be evacuated very soon*. Some think to-day, and that the reason why it has been put off so long was on account of the New England elections. Your father has gone down to-day to visit the fortifications and has had the 'Lady Davis' put at his command."

She wrote me daily from April 10th to April 13th.

Interesting in connection with her letters to me are a telegram sent at this very date by my father to President Davis, and the President's answer from Montgomery.



LOUIS T. WIGFALL

*Senator from Texas and Brigadier General C. S. A.*

"Charleston, 10 April, 1861.

No one now doubts that Lincoln intends war. The delay on his part is only to complete his preparations. All here is ready on our side. Our delay therefore is to his advantage and our disadvantage. Let us take Fort Sumter before we have to fight the fleet and the Fort. General Beauregard will not act without your order. Let me suggest to you to send the order to him to begin the attack as soon as he is ready. Virginia is excited by the preparations, and a bold stroke on our side will complete her purposes. Policy and prudence are urgent upon us to begin at once. Let me urge the order to attack most seriously upon you.

L. T. WIGFALL."

"Montgomery, Alabama, April 12, 1861.  
My dear friend :

Your dispatch reached me after I had directed one to be sent, which anticipated your wish so fully that you might have imagined it to be an answer, if the dates had been reversed. . . .

As ever your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A want of vigilance let Anderson pass

from Moultrie to Sumter. I hope your guard boats, steamers and launches are under competent and faithfully watchful officers.  
J. D."

My mother tells what was happening :

"Wednesday, April 10, 1861.

You see we are still here and it is quite impossible to say for how long a time. Your father has been with General Beauregard almost constantly since we came, until yesterday, when General Beauregard requested him to go on his staff, and since then he has been actively engaged in carrying out his orders. I suppose you know the condition of things from the papers—that the administration, after their professions of peace, have determined to reinforce the Fort at all risks, and we are in hourly expectation of the arrival of the storeship and the fleet sent to protect it. General Beauregard is only waiting for the arrival of the troops from the country to make the attack on the Fort. He is quite confident of the result, and God grant he may be right. We are all anxious enough as you may suppose."

"Thursday, April 11.

. . . Your father was gone all night with Captain Hartstein, seeing to placing light boats, with fires of pine wood, in the harbor, for the purpose of detecting the approach of the enemy's boats. He has gone again to-day and will not return until evening. . . . A demand for the surrender of the Fort was made to-day, but the answer has not yet come. In case of Anderson's refusal (of which there is little doubt), the fire of the batteries on him will open at eight to-night. God grant the Fort may be surrendered before the arrival of the fleet, for although I believe General Beauregard is prepared on every side, yet I should feel all danger were over if we had the Fort. It will be a night of intense excitement and, although I can't help feeling *shivery* and nervous, yet I am not as much alarmed as I might be, and something tells me it won't be so bad after all. I am going down after a while to walk with Mrs. Chesnut on the Battery and will add more when I hear the answer Anderson returns."

"Friday, April 12.

I was awakened about half-past four this morning by the booming of a cannon, and it has been going on steadily ever since—the

firing is constant and rapid—with what results we don't yet know. Your father has gone to Morris's Island to obtain a report from the command there, and in order to avoid the guns of Sumter he has taken Major Whiting's rowboat, so as to run in by the inlets. I don't know how long he will be gone.

"Eleven o'clock. The news we hear so far is good. No one killed on Morris's Island so far—and a breach reported in Fort Sumter. The iron battery is working well, and the balls from Fort Sumter have no effect upon it. All is excitement of the most painful kind."

"Saturday, April 13.

The news is glorious for us. No one hurt on our side and no damage of any consequence to our batteries. Your father has been at Morris's Island all yesterday and all night. He, however, wrote me not to expect him and I did not feel uneasy, as Captain Hartstein told me it was utterly impossible for boats to land with such a high sea. This morning Fort Sumter *is on fire* (produced from the shells it is thought). They say the flag is at half-mast and has been so all the morning—a sure sign of distress. The fleet will try to relieve him, of course, but it will be in vain, and thus, I trust in God, this business will end. Heaven has favored our side, and we are all grateful to a Kind Providence. I doubt if your father returns before night."

Before night my father had done much. Modest, brief, and uncolored as was his report in answer to General Beauregard's request for a concise statement of the capitulation, between the lines it is none the less dramatic:

"Head Quarters, Confederate States Army,  
Charleston, South Carolina,  
April 13, 1861.

Major: I have the honor to report that between one and two o'clock this afternoon, the flag having fallen at Fort Sumter and its fire having ceased, I left Morris's Island, with the consent and approval of General Simons, to demand the surrender of the works, and offer assistance to the garrison.

Before reaching the Fort the flag was again raised. On entering the works I informed Major Anderson of my name and position on the staff of the Commanding



LOUISE S. WIGFALL

*From a photograph, March, 1861*

General, and demanded the surrender of the Fort to the Confederate States.

My attention having been called to the fact that most of our batteries continued their fire, I suggested to Major Anderson that the cambric handkerchief,\* which I bore on my sword, had probably not been seen as I crossed the Bay, and requested him to raise a white flag—which he did. The firing then ceased from all our batteries—when Major Anderson lowered his flag and surrendered the Fort.

The time and manner of the evacuation are to be determined by General Beauregard.

Before the surrender I expressed the confident belief to Major Anderson that no terms would be imposed which would be incompatible with his honor as a soldier or his feelings as a gentleman, and assured him of the high appreciation in which his gallantry and desperate defense of a place, now no longer tenable, were held by the Commanding General.

Major Anderson exhibited great coolness, and seemed relieved of much of the unpleasantness of his situation by the fact that the proposal had been made by us that he should

\* Now in my possession, with the knots tied in the corners as when used.—L. W. W.

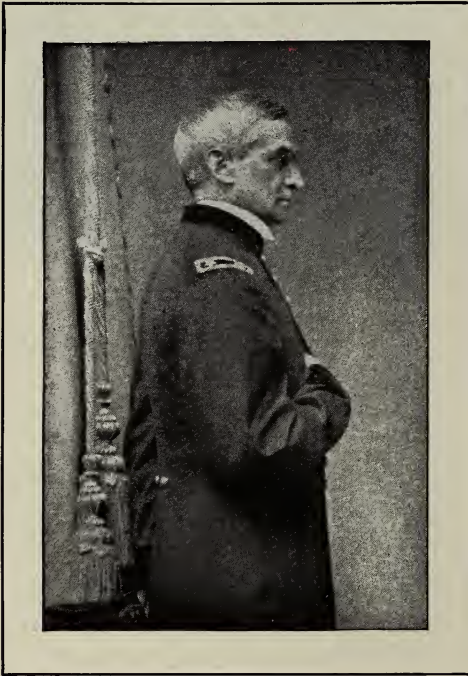


surrender the works, which he admitted to be no longer defensible.

I take great pleasure in acknowledging that my success in reaching the Fort was due to the courage and patriotism of Private William Gourdin Young, of the Palmetto Guard, without whose aid I would not have surmounted the obstacles.

I have the honor to be with the highest respect,  
LOUIS T. WIGFALL.

Major D. R. JONES,  
Asst. Adjutant-General,  
Confederate States Army."



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON, U. S. A.  
*The gallant defender of Fort Sumter.*

Two weeks later my mother wrote me from Alabama, whither my father, as Deputy from the State of Texas, had gone to attend the Congress which convened on the twenty-ninth of April.

"Montgomery, April 26.

The people here are all in fine spirits, and the streets are so lively and every one looks so happy, that you can scarcely realize the cause of the excitement. No one doubts our success. . . . I suppose the chief fighting will be in Maryland and Virginia. . . . This is a beautiful town and much

larger than I expected to see it. There are a great many gardens and as beautiful flowers as I ever saw anywhere. Several bouquets of the most superb flowers were presented to your father the night he spoke here and, of course, I had the benefit of them. The streets are very wide and five of them unite, and diverge on the square opposite us—something like Washington."

"April 29.

I have been this morning to witness the opening of Congress and hear the President's message. It was an admirable one, worthy of his reputation. It gives such a fair and lucid statement of matters as they now stand that, I am sure, it will do good abroad, if not at home. . . . This afternoon I went with Mrs. Chesnut to call on Mrs. Davis. I am going to-morrow to her reception. . . . You allude to reports given in the Northern papers of the Fort Sumter affair. It is only what might have been expected of them—that they would garble and misrepresent the truth; but I must confess that Major Anderson's silence and the disingenuous bulletin he sent to Cameron have surprised me. He takes care not to tell the *whole truth*, and any one, to read his statement, would suppose he had only come out on those conditions, whereas, he surrendered *unconditionally*—the *United States flag was lowered without salute while your father was in the Fort*. This was seen, not only by your father, but by the thousands who were on the watch, and it was only owing to General Beauregard's generosity (misplaced it seems, now) that he was allowed to raise it again, and to salute it on coming out of the Fort and take it with him. . . . And this conduct, too, after the kind and generous treatment he met with from the Carolinians! Judge Ochiltree is here and tells me Tom is a private in a company Capt. Bass has raised in Marshall. . . . The drums are beating here all the time, and it really makes me heart-sick when I think about it all.

I don't think, though, the military enthusiasm can be very high at the North, as I see they are offering \$20 additional pay to volunteers a month. That fact speaks volumes. I suppose it is to be accounted for in the anxiety to get rid of the mob population who might be troublesome at home."

In this matter my mother received, before long, friendly correction. It came in a let-

ter from a Northern woman who had lived all her married life in the South, but, in her widowhood, had returned to her people in Providence.

"May 13, 1861.

. . . We are always delighted to hear from you—and indeed your letters and Louis's are the only comfort we have in this Yankee land, surrounded by people who have no sympathy with us, and who only open their lips to revile the South and utter blood-thirsty threats. This morning an amiable lady wished she had Jeff Davis in front of a big cannon. This feminine wish was uttered in the cars when L. and F. were going in to Boston. We have now sufficient proof of how much stronger hate is, than love of country. Where was the patriotism of Massachusetts when the country was at war with the English in 1812? I lived then at the South, and was ashamed of my countrymen who refused to assist in the war. Massachusetts, which was the leading State of New England, refused to let her militia leave the State, and when the United States troops were withdrawn, to fight in other places, applied to the Federal Government to know whether the expenses of their own militia, who were summoned to defend their own State, would be reimbursed by the Government. When our capital at Washington was burned, with the President's House and Treasury buildings, and other public buildings, why did they not go to meet the British? On the contrary, they rejoiced at the English victories, and put every obstacle they could in the way of the Government. Now they are subscribing millions, and urging every man to go and fight their own countrymen. It is not patriotism; it is hatred to the South, and woe is me, that I must live here among such people. God grant you success. It is a righteous war and all the bloodshed will be upon the souls of those who brought it on.

. . . I think, however, that you at the South are wrong to undervalue the courage and resources of the Northern States. They are no doubt less accustomed to the use of firearms, there are very few who know how to ride, and they are less fiery in their impulses. They are less disposed to fight, but they are not cowardly where their interests are concerned, and will *fight for their money*. Where their property is at stake they will not hesitate to risk their lives,

and at present there is no lack of money. The women are all roused, and are urging their relatives on; while some of the young ladies are exceedingly anxious to imitate Florence Nightingale, and distinguish themselves in the army. The boys are parading about with red shirts and guns, and their wise mothers are admiring their military ardor.

I would not advise you of the South to trust too much in the idea that the Northerners will not fight, for I believe they will, and their numbers are overwhelming. You know an army of ants can kill a wounded horse. It is a mistake, too, for you to sup-



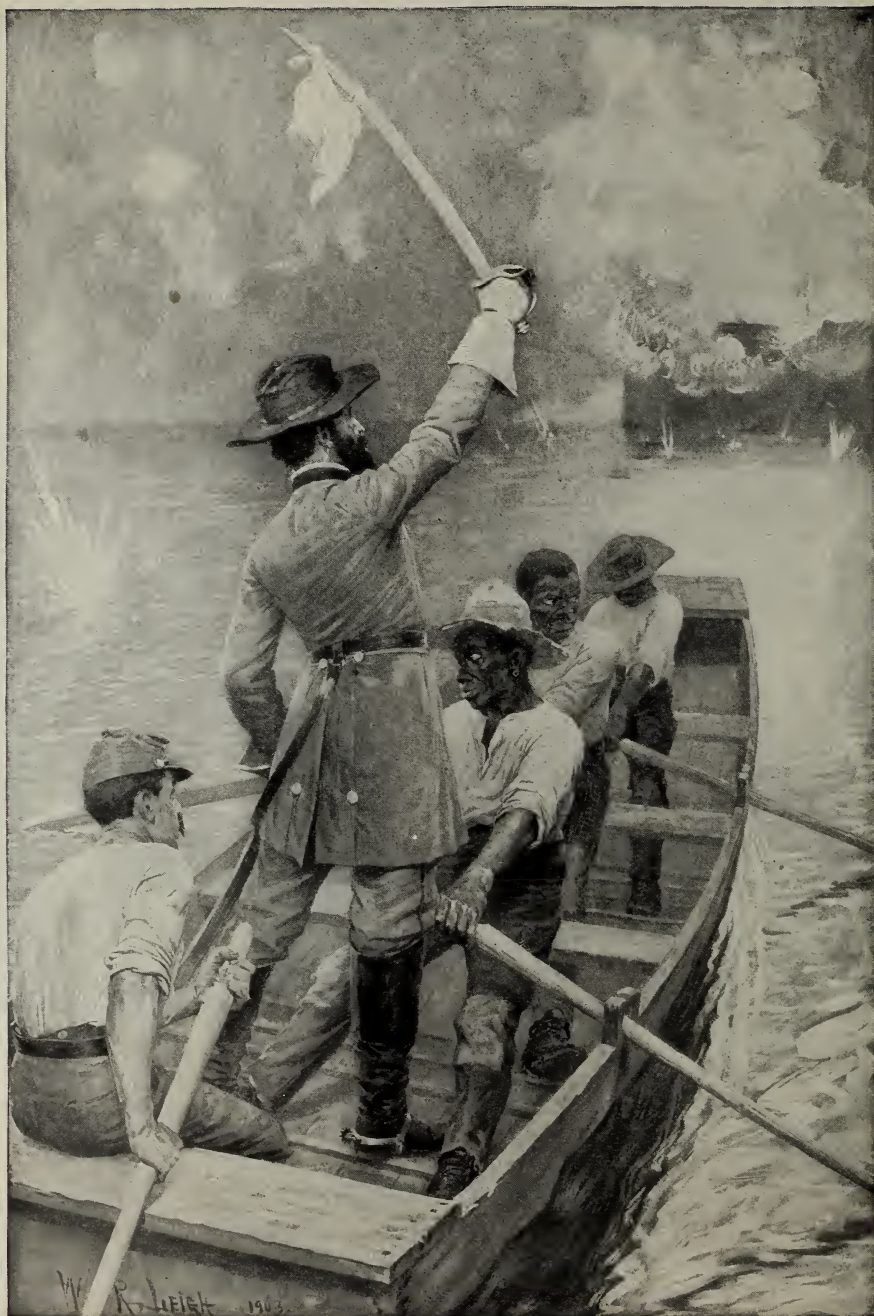
BRIGADIER-GENERAL BEAUREGARD

*The Commander of the Confederate forces in the Fort Sumter affair.*

pose that it is only the lower orders who are enlisted. I have heard of a good many of the most respectable young men who have enlisted for three years. I suppose there are a good many counter-jumpers and Irish among them, but still there are many very decent persons who have gone to the wars.

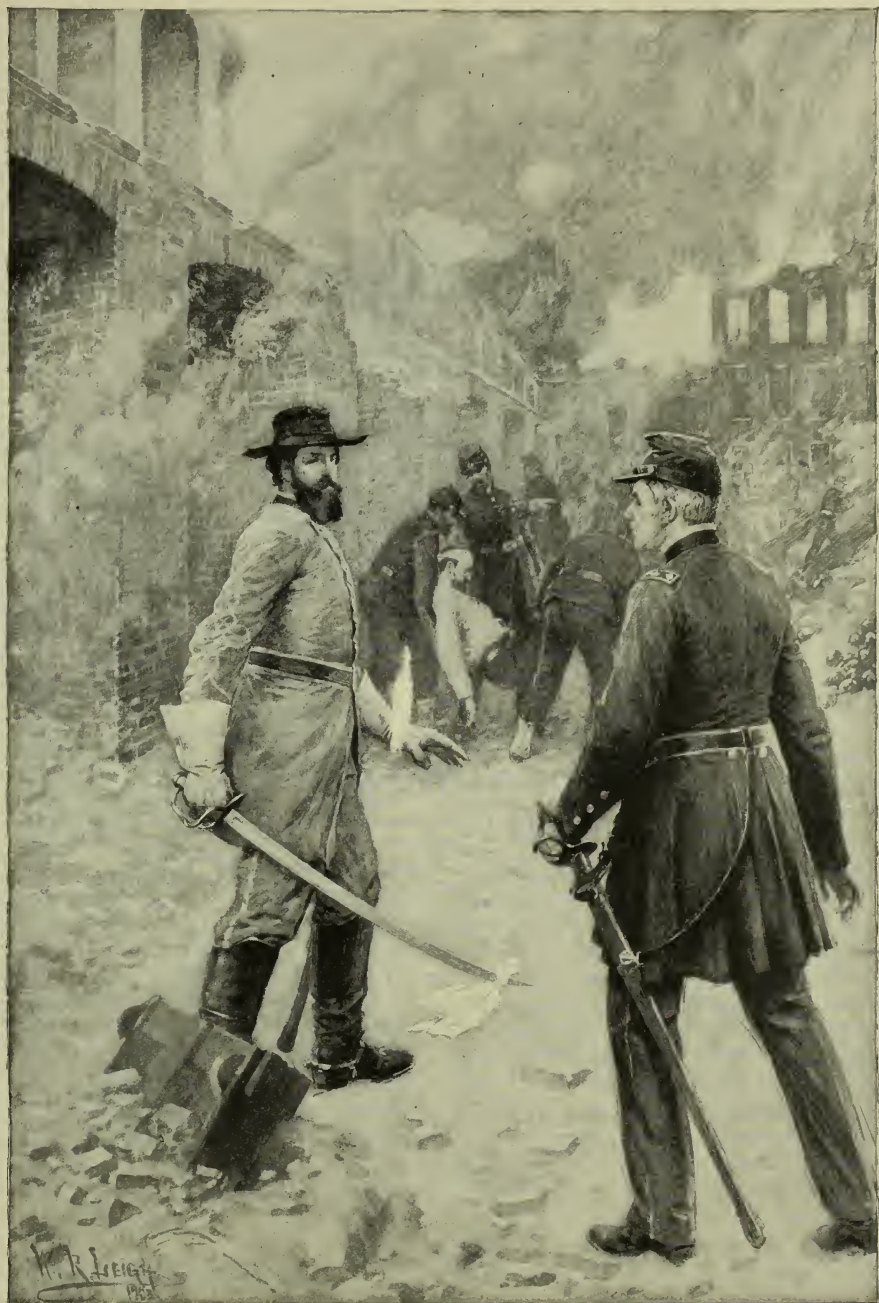
. . . By the way, I hear it said they have got enough cotton at the North to supply their factories for a year? Can it be true? If so, I think there has been a great mistake somewhere. The only thing





APPROACHING FORT SUMTER

*"between one and two o'clock this afternoon I left Morris's Island to demand the surrender of the works, and offer assistance to the garrison."* FROM WIGFALL'S REPORT TO BEAUREGARD.



THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER, APRIL 13, 1861

*"On entering the works I informed Major Anderson of my name and position on the staff of the Commanding General and demanded the surrender of the Fort to the Confederate States."*  
FROM WIGFALL'S REPORT TO BEAUREGARD.



that will bring these people to their senses is to stop the importation. I was surprised to see the other day that a cargo of rice from Savannah was stopped, and the vessel was allowed to sail with a load of cotton."

When the Montgomery Congress adjourned, President Davis had asked my father to act on his staff, and my parents moved to Richmond.

My mother wrote the day after their arrival :

"Richmond, May 30.

After a terribly fatiguing journey we arrived here safely yesterday morning. We left Montgomery on Sunday night, at eight o'clock, and traveled day and night until yesterday morning.

The President was everywhere most rapturously received. . . . I was all packed to start for Texas, when your father found that the President was so unwilling for him to go back at that time, that he determined to accept the position of Aide and, at least, act in that capacity until the opening of Congress, which will be on the 20th July. So here we are. These Virginians seem likely to overwhelm your father with their attentions and kill him with kindness—for yesterday he had to make no less than four speeches.

The whole country, as we came through, was like a military camp—the cars crowded with troops, and all as jubilant as if they were going to a frolic instead of to fight. The President is to take the field; but I don't know the exact programme, and if I did it would not be safe to write it—for there is no telling who may read our letters nowadays. Your father, of course, will go with him. It seems strange to me that I don't seem more frightened."

The President and his party were established at the Spotswood Hotel where

they gathered round them a distinguished group.

My mother writes :

"June 11 and 14.

"We are still at the Spotswood Hotel but I don't know whether we shall continue very long. The President and his family will move next week to the place selected for them. I hear it is very handsome and the City Council has bought and put it at the disposal of the Government. They have also given Mrs. Davis the use of a nice carriage and horses and seem disposed to do all they can to show their joy at the exchange from Montgomery. . . . So far all is quiet here and I can yet scarcely realize that we are at war, actually. . . . I drove out with Mrs. Davis yesterday to one of the camp grounds and it was really a beautiful, though rather sad sight to me, to see them drill and go

through with their manœuvres. Poor fellows! How many will never return to their homes. . . . There are several camp grounds in the neighborhood, and people throng them every afternoon, and unless you engage a carriage in the morning it is very hard to procure one."

Though I was only a girl of fourteen, my own letters, written during April, May, and June, from Longwood, near Boston, show to a not uninteresting degree the responsive ardor of a Southern child a little old for her years. I quote passages from them :

" . . . Isn't the news from Sumter delightful. When I read the account in a paper, I felt like crying for joy. No one sympathizes with me here, except Grand-mamma, and I feel like a stranger in a foreign land.

"Everybody here is groaning and exploring the taking of Sumter. Uncle B.



PRIVATE WILLIAM GOURDIN YOUNG

*"my success in reaching the Fort was due to the courage and patriotism of Private William Gourdin Young, of the Palmetto Guard; without whose aid I would not have surmounted the obstacles."*

FROM WIGFALL'S REPORT TO BEAUREGARD.



says that Boston was the scene of great excitement to-day, all the military were getting ready and every one is on the lookout for war in earnest. . . .

"I went to Boston to-day and you never saw such confusion ; the State House steps and grounds were crowded with men, some to see, and some to volunteer.

"Grandmamma had a letter from Mamma, written in the midst of the firing of the guns at Sumter. One of Uncle B.'s last puns (you know how fond he is of making them) was the following : 'What does the man who robs and catches the Governor of South Carolina get? Poor Pickings' (Governor Pickens). I have just returned from seeing a company of zouaves drill ; their manœuvres were miserable (!), and if this is a specimen of Northern chivalry, I don't think we have much to fear. Everybody here knows who we are, and whenever I go out the people stare and gaze at us. This evening I found little Fanny surrounded by girls, who were questioning and teasing her ; she seemed to be perfectly able to maintain her position, and she said 'she gave them as good as they sent' ; they all seemed quite amused at her answers, and said they liked to hear her—she talked so funny. One of the girls soon after came up to where I stood and said she thought the girls 'hadn't ought to tease Fannie.' This is one of their common expressions, and another is that they 'admire' to take a walk, or play on the piano. . . . Grandmamma and I went into Boston the other day, and to my joy I saw a photo of President Davis in one of the windows. I immediately purchased it. The Babcocks are coming to take tea with us this evening, and I anticipate a good deal of pleasure in seeing Emma. She is as lovely as ever and I am sure you would like her. We are fast friends and I made her promise she would read Mr. Davis's message, and as a reward I shall give her a very small piece of the flag-staff you sent me. She is a very sensible girl and in all our discussions we never get the least excited or vexed. 'Abe Lincoln' is her hero, and 'Jeff Davis' is mine ; but there is one thing she never can explain, namely, *Abe's flight through Baltimore!* But we agree in almost everything else. She thinks Napoleon the greatest man ever lived, and so do I, and that is a never failing source of conversation.

"Mrs. Lincoln is now in Boston, and I suppose the Republicans are all flocking to see

her, and she is asking them 'How they flourish?' Boston is in a whirl of excitement ; troops drilling and volunteering all the time—the stores and houses all decked with flags.

. . . Dear Papa, won't you send us each a small flag of South Carolina, and the Confederate States? I am very anxious to see them. Yesterday evening Aunt F. got an invitation to attend a meeting of ladies, to make shirts and sew for the different regiments ; she, of course, is not going. A poor set of creatures they must be if they can't furnish their own shirts.

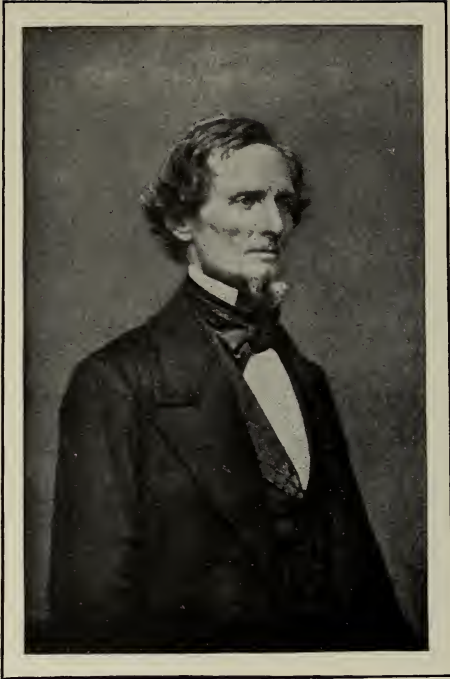
" . . . Uncle B. has just bought *The Sun* announcing the secession of Virginia. I feel as if I can't contain myself I am so glad. Poor Uncle B. looks as if he had taken a blue pill—he takes everything so to heart ; it is deplorable to see him. Aunt F. is in hopes that all the States will now follow and that will be the means of securing peace."

In the meantime all communication was rapidly being closed between the North and South, so that my parents began to feel great anxiety at their separation from my sister and myself. They had been conferring for some time, first with relatives, and then, as the right person, with Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, as to the best means of getting us through the lines. The following letter was written by me to my brother at the Military School in the University of Virginia, just about two weeks before we finally succeeded in making the arrangements for our departure :

"July 15, Longwood, near Boston.

. . . I received your letter several days ago, and I had a letter from Mamma about the same time, telling Grandmamma to send us on by the first good opportunity, but the way Mr. Walters said was the only way we could go would not have been safe, and I am now anxiously awaiting news from Mamma as to whether we shall go to Fortress Monroe, and let Papa send a flag of truce and get us, or not. My trunks were all packed ready to start at a minute's notice, when we received Mr. Walters's letter, telling us that the only way of reaching Richmond was by going through Winchester, to which you know the troops are making a general movement.

You may imagine how I felt. When Mr. Walters wrote the last time, all was different,



From negatives in possession of F. H. Meserve.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

*President of the Confederate States of America and his wife.*



MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS

and I fully expected to go home. I had already pictured our meeting. I almost felt your kiss and I heard Papa calling us 'his darlings' and Mamma's dear voice, and in one moment all was gone, and I glanced out of my window and instead of Richmond, I saw miserable old Boston. I felt as if my heart would break. . . .

You ask me in your last if I was not 'isolated'—that is exactly the word; with the exception of Emma Babcock and her family, there is not a soul here that cares whether I go or stay, or that I could call a friend; but if nobody likes me, there is some satisfaction in knowing there is no love lost. If I did not follow your injunction, and never believe what I see in Republican journals, I should have an awful time of it; for they make out the most desperate case. All the Confederate States soldiers are poor, half starved, naked, miserable wretches, that will run if you stick your finger at them; they are all waiting for a chance to desert, etc., and become loyal citizens to King Abraham the First and Prime Minister General Scott. The Southerners are defeated in every engagement; all the killed and

wounded are on their side, and none is injured on the other. Such is about the summary of their statements—*mais je ne le crois pas*, and so they don't disturb my mind much. I saw that Papa had gone disguised as a *cattle drover* to Washington, to pick up information for the President. That is about a specimen of their stories. Mamma writes me in her last that you have joined the Military School at the University of Virginia, and would enter the army in three months, if you wished to, at the end of that time. I suppose you are very glad. I don't wonder and wish I could go too. I sit down to the piano every day and play 'Dixie' and think of you all the way in 'the land ob cotton,' etc."

Mr. Walters, to whom I alluded, arranged for us the only feasible plan for getting through the lines.

When all arrangements had been made, through his kindness, we started off on our adventures—placed by my uncle in charge of a responsible gentleman who was to take us to Baltimore and deliver us into the care of Mr. Walters.



We were cautioned to be very quiet, to express nothing at what we heard or saw, and to be as unobtrusive as possible in our demeanor. I shall never forget my emotions the day we started. In the crown of my hat I had concealed a package of letters to be delivered in Richmond, and my importance in my own estimation was not a little enhanced by the possession of this delightful secret. We made the journey to Baltimore without mishap or adventure of any kind—and when we reached the station, and alighted from the car, I noticed a gentleman eagerly scanning the passengers as they passed him. As we approached he came forward, asked a question in an undertone, which was answered with equal caution, and we were hurried into a carriage and driven rapidly to Mr. Walters's house on Mt. Vernon Place, where we were received by Mr. and Mrs. Walters with the greatest cordiality and affection. On refreshing ourselves after our journey, we were taken in to dinner, where my eyes fairly danced with delight at beholding in a wine-glass at each cover, a dear little Confederate flag—placed there in honor of the two little guests. After a short period our kind host and hostess bid us good-by, and we were again on our travels; it not being deemed safe for us to remain in Baltimore.

Mr. Walters's brother now took charge of us and we were rapidly driven six or seven miles in the country, to a hotel called "Paradise," near Catonsville—and a veritable "Paradise" it proved to the two tired little children who were received with open arms by the kind ladies of the hotel. There we spent the night, and in the morning were again on our travels.

On taking the train near the Relay House we found on board a number of the members of the Maryland Legislature, on their way to Frederick, at which place the Governor had convened the Legislature; Annapolis, the capital of the State, being under control of Federal troops. When we reached the Point of Rocks, we left the train, and had dinner at the country tavern, where we sat at table with a number of Federal soldiers, our appearance under such circumstances exciting no little interest and curiosity. Mr. Walters had with him an "open sesame," in the shape of a pass from General Simon Cameron, Secretary of War; and we were given every facility to proceed on our journey. At a signal, which had of course been prearranged, a boat put off from Virginia side,

bearing a white flag of truce, and our sensations may be imagined when we saw the little craft approaching which was to bear us over the swift, beautiful river into the dear land of "Dixie." Our luggage being put on board we soon followed, and were rowed across the river without mishap. On reaching the shore we found a large, comfortable carriage and pair of horses waiting for us, and we were soon driving through a deep woods, where the sweet air and refreshing shade were very grateful after the glare, dust, and heat of our journey. It seemed like a story in fairyland, where the magic of the good fairy, at every turn, provides the thing most needed. Being furnished with fresh horses, we traveled almost all night, stopping to rest but a few hours; and then, taking the train at Gordonsville, arrived in Richmond in the afternoon. We drove at once to the Spotswood Hotel to join my mother. Not knowing the hour we would arrive, she had gone out to the camp of the First Texas Regiment, which my father was commanding, to witness the presentation by the President of a beautiful Texas State flag which she had made for the regiment. Nothing must do but we must follow as soon as possible. When we reached the camp the ceremony was over and my father was reviewing his regiment.

As the carriage stopped, word was carried forward of our arrival—and we were immediately surrounded by numbers of friends, eager to greet the little travelers; and my father, hurriedly dismounting from his horse and leaving the regiment in charge of another officer, rushed forward to meet us. He returned with us to Richmond, and there, as we reached the Spotswood, coming down the stairs, we saw my mother; her beautiful face lit up with joy and her fair arms held out to welcome us. Then we were feted and caressed to our heart's content; took tea with the President and his party that night, where our heads were completely turned by the attention shown us, and where we gave, to an appreciative audience, a full account of all our adventures "coming through the lines"—and the one query from all our eager auditors was: "What *do* they think of the battle of Manassas?"

## II

Unhappily enough for our hopes, in less than four years from that time Northerners

were thinking less of Manassas than of Sherman's devastating march to the sea. The following letter, written to my mother by the wife of General Joseph E. Johnston, in command of the Army of the Tennessee, gives a picture of the time :

"Charlotte, N. C., February 19, 1865.

I take advantage of this sweet quiet Sunday afternoon for a little chat with you. It is so quiet in my little nook and the bright sunshine outside looks so cheerful and calm that 'tis hard to realize the terrible storm of war that is raging within a few miles of us, or the scene of excitement and fatigue I have gone through myself. At last Sherman has planted himself upon Carolina soil; and the pretty little town of Columbia, we learn to-day, has been partially destroyed; and alas, the poor women and children, who were forced to remain there, of their fate we know nothing; but, oh horrors, have everything to fear from the nature of the savages who are desolating their homes. What a sight it was to see the poor people flying, almost terror stricken, to know what they could do—many leaving with only little bundles of clothes, and many compelled to remain, for they had nothing but God to look to for shelter. . . . I left at the last moment on the car that brought the powder out. We only saved our clothes. How fortunate we were to do that, for many saved nothing. We left with the roar of the cannon in our ears.

. . . I arrived here after spending two days and nights on the road—three hundred poor women on the car ahead of us—none of us able to get rooms. A gentleman came down to the cars at twelve at night and brought me to this home and gave me this delicious little room; and here I am quite sick, with a doctor visiting me. I am waiting to hear from the General to know what to do. Oh, these terrible times of shipwreck—everything looks hopeless to me now; and then, if we are to go down—we are so far apart that we can see nothing of each other but the glimpse of a pale face as it sinks out of sight! What a glorious struggle our brave people have made for their liberties! The sight of this town to-day is lamentable: women hunting in every direction for shelter, and the people themselves beginning to move off for a safer place."

It seems almost incredible, and yet it is a

fact, that in January and February, 1865, several entertainments were given in Richmond. The most notable of these was at the beautiful home of the Welfords, which was filled with guests who danced at what, I believe, was the last ball of the Confederacy. Grandmothers' satins and brocades figured on the occasion; and I warrant no lovelier group of women, nor company of gallant gentlemen, were ever gathered together. How the fiddles scraped and the music swelled for "the dancers dancing in tune"; while they shut their ears and would not hear the minor key that wailed the ruin of our hopes. And the grim shade of Appomattox, looming darkly already on the horizon, stalked ever nearer and nearer.

In a letter from Mrs. Joseph E. Johnston, dated "Charlotte, North Carolina, March 15th, 1865," I find this record:

"Charlotte is in a state of great excitement to-day, at the arrival of the President's family on their way South. What does it mean? Everybody seems to think it is the prelude to the abandonment of Richmond. How sad it seems, after such a struggle as that noble army has made to keep it. These terrible dark hours, when will they be past?"

A week before its evacuation we left Richmond. It was a lovely evening late in March;

*"And as I saw around me the wide world re-  
vive*

*With fruits and fertile promise, and the  
Spring*

*Come forth her work of gladness to contrive*

*With all her joyous birds upon the wing,*

*I turned from all she brought to those she could  
not bring."*

As the train pulled out and ran slowly across the long bridge over the James, we watched with aching hearts the sunshine lingering with loving light on the towers and spires of this city, which is veritably "set on a hill"—and the light shining there seemed but a reflection of the glory which shall for all time linger around her as the Capital of the Confederacy.

We stopped in Raleigh and there heard of the fall of Richmond and the surrender at Appomattox. There we were joined by several of the Cabinet and Members of Congress and traveled in company with them to Georgia.



After General Johnston's surrender—which followed on April 26th—and the capture of the President, it became necessary, in order to escape arrest, that my father should make all possible effort at concealing his identity, and endeavor to make his way across the Mississippi River as speedily as might be, where Kirby Smith was still commanding the remnant of an army. To this end he donned the garb of a private soldier, shaved off his beard, and procured a borrowed parole. I have it yet.

“Appomattox Court House, Va.

April 10, 1865.

The bearer, pri. J. A. White, of Co. M, First Regt. of Texas Vols., a paroled Prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home and there remain undisturbed.

JNO. N. WILSON,

Capt. cmdg.”

The next step was to secure a large covered wagon—in which could be stowed away the few belongings we had with us—and four strong mules to draw the load; then an escort of paroled Texas soldiers was found, among whom my father took his place. Some kind friend provided a saddle horse for me, and, clad in a homespun dress and my head covered by a poke sun-bonnet, I rode alongside of the wagon. We were apparently a family of country people moving from one state to another; and that a number of soldiers tramped along in company with us excited no surprise, as the countryside was full of these poor tired, heart-broken travelers, making their way back to their ruined homes. It is recorded of one of these pitiful wayfarers that he wandered at eventide to the door of a farm-house and accosted the woman standing there, with “Stranger, whar’s the spring—have you got any milk: I am so hongry, I don’t know where I am going to sleep to-night.”

Our plan was to travel direct through the State of Alabama to Montgomery. And this we did, riding one hundred miles through the State. Of course we had no money; that is, what the outside world called by that name. We had thousands of our dear old Confederate currency, in one hundred and five hundred dollar bills (with Stonewall Jackson’s head engraved in one corner, and the Confederate banner draped over General Washington on the Great Seal, with “Deo Vindice” underneath it, on the other), but some kind friend had given us a large box of to-

bacco—which was as good as specie any time for a *trade*; so we went on our way—not rejoicing—alas! far from it; but with heavy hearts, while my father tramped the weary miles on foot among the Texas boys, who were proud enough to have the company of their former General and Senator in such unceremonious guise. And you may be sure they never told who he was. Nearing Montgomery, we stopped over night at Governor Fitzpatrick’s plantation and had a rousing welcome and the best accommodations for tired travelers. My father and the Governor had much to talk over. When last he had seen him he was United States Senator from Alabama and possible candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Breckenridge ticket. And now! Well, the next morning we wended our way, and nearing Montgomery we caught sight of the first Federal pickets. I can feel now over again that suffocating sensation that sent the blood surging through the veins at sight of them. It was all over indeed.

Here we parted from my father, who was to make his way with the soldiers, home to Texas—as it was not safe to go with us through towns and in the ordinary mode of traveling by railway and boat. We were received into the hospitable home of Mrs. Knox on the outskirts of Montgomery. Even the stress and straits of war had not been able to make an impression on the delightful luxury of her well-appointed home. Oh, the bliss of those delicious beds and the sweet linen sheets and the comfortable meals! It seemed like a haven of rest after our terrible journey. In a few days Governor Watts, true friend and noble patriot, with heart and hand open to share his all with his countrymen, came for us and took us to his home, where plans were made for reaching our ultimate destination. Here we waited for some weeks, hoping for tidings from my brother who, we had heard, was making his way in our direction.

One evening, about dark, I was standing at the gate, watching down the road, with hardly a thought or hope of his appearing, when, far up the dusty highway, I saw him coming. He walked slowly, unlike the brisk step I knew of old; absolute dejection was in his mien, and he had no joyous greeting to give me. His uniform was worn and soiled, and he had taken from his collar the gold stars of his rank. Somehow I had no word to say. We stood and looked at each other. Finally we found speech, and to my query,

"What are you going to do?" he answered, "I am on the way across the river to join Kirby Smith."

I laid my hand upon his shoulder and paused a moment. "Have you not heard," I said, "Kirby Smith has surrendered?"

## BABE RANDOLPH'S TURNING-POINT

BY

ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHIEIN



ON July 3d, 1863, occurred one of the most picturesque cavalry fights of the entire war. The Union forces, under General Gregg, were opposed to the flower of the South, under "Jeb" Stuart. After a bitter struggle of seven hours the First Virginia was ordered to charge the right and center of the Union line.

They came forward in splendid order, until finally checked by the Fifth Michigan, who were dismounted and protected by a stone fence. The advancing line was also exposed to a raking fire from the right but, being supported by the First North Carolina, they leaped the fence and forced the Federals to retire. Both flanks were now exposed and a heavy fire from the Union artillery compelled them to fall back upon the main body.

The entire left wing of the Confederate army, under Hampton, was now ordered to charge, and came sweeping up the slope in perfect alignment. It was an impressive and memorable sight, exposed as they were to a deadly fire of shrapnel and canister from the Union artillery. They did not falter nor waver nor return the fire themselves, but as fast as a gap was made they closed it up. Their sabers were drawn in their hands, and the rays of the setting sun falling upon them lit up the somber, dust-encircled line like flashes of lightning ripping through the black folds of a thunder cloud.

They were under orders to waste no time firing, but to get within saber distance as

soon as possible, and as this long line of perfect horsemen charged up the hill there was no sound save the clanking of accoutrements and the thud of the horses' feet.

The pride of the entire line was Troop "J" of the Second Virginia. It was composed of veterans who had ridden horses from the day they were weaned, and had been with Stuart since the beginning. Their peculiar genius was shown in the superiority of their mounts. The men were often hungry and weary and sick, but they never gave a thought to themselves until after the horses had been taken care of. This was plainly evident now as they gradually drew ahead until the advance assumed the appearance of a vast triangle, with Troop "J" at the very apex.

The captain fell, and immediately after him the first lieutenant. This left Babe Randolph—big, reckless, beardless Babe Randolph—in command, and as the line received this word it was seen to falter. Babe was untried, or rather he had been tried and found wanting. The first day that he had tried to creep, he had set the house on fire, and from that time on he had always been up to his neck in trouble. He was surcharged with a spirit of mischief, which his grandparents had never been able to cope with, to even a grandparent's satisfaction. He was never mean or underhanded, but had always been so strong and lusty that it seemed absolutely impossible for him to be sedate for more than the time he was forced to spend in sleep. His boyhood had been a strenuous and an inquisitive one, so that